INDIAN HILL CITY OF DARKNESS AND EVIL VELVET KILLER VS THE ILLUSIONIST (FINAL SCRIPT)

Written by

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1: INT. Indian Hill Telegram Newspaper Department - VelvetKiller’s Article

FADE IN:

INT. INDIAN HILL TELEGRAM NEWSPAPER DEPARTMENT - DAY

The newsroom buzzes with tension. Wooden desks are clutteredwith vintage typewriters, stacks of yellowed papers, androtary phones. Framed front pages on the walls screamheadlines like "Crime Spree Grips Indian Hill!" A woodenplaque above the entrance reads "Indian Hill Telegram." A fewJOURNALISTS in 1990s business attire type furiously.

CLOSE ON CORKBOARDA "WANTED: Velvet Killer" poster dominates the board. VelvetKiller—a woman with Red Vermillion hair, brown cowboyhat, denim shirt, and leather vest—stares out with piercingeyes. The bounty reads "$9,999,999."

CLOSE ON JOURNALISTA JOURNALIST types on a vintage typewriter. The headline reads:"VELVET KILLER RULES WITH ONE RULE: 'OBEY ME YOU LIVE, BE HERO YOU DIE'".

JOURNALIST
(Whispering to himself)
150 million dead... in one day.

The paper in the typewriter reveals the article: "VelvetKiller rules with one rule: 'Obey me you live, Be Hero youdie.' 150 millions of citizens died in one day. Fans say welove the Velvet Killer’s law." The "Indian Hill Telegram"masthead sits at the top.

WIDE SHOT

An EDITOR pulls a lever on a printing press. It roars to life, spitting out newspapers with the headline "VELVET KILLER RULES WITH ONE RULE: 'OBEY ME YOU LIVE, BE HERO YOU DIE'" and the "WANTED" image.

CLOSE ON NEWSPAPERThe editor picks up a fresh copy. Velvet Killer’s image looms large—her Red Vermillion hair vivid, her expression cold. The camera lingers, then cuts to black.

VOICEOVER
(deep, menacing) Velvet Killer... is coming for you.

FADE OUT.

2: EXT. Indian Hill Streets - Indian Hill SheriffAssassination and Citizens Protest

FADE IN:

EXT. INDIAN HILL STREETS - DAY

The streets of Indian Hill are dusty and dirt-packed, withwooden sidewalks lining the edges. A horse-drawn carriagestands idle, its wheels creaking faintly as a horse snorts,hooves clopping softly on the ground with a CLOPPING SOUND.IHPD Agents ride horses independently, their hooves echoingwith a HOOFBEAT SOUND across the street. The air is thickwith tension, filled with the distant murmurs of a restlesscrowd. SERENA ROCKLAND, a female reporter with a cowgirlaesthetic (cowboy hat, denim jacket, boots) and straightblonde hair, stands alone on the street, holding a blackhandheld microphone with a silver grille and a green labeldisplaying the INHTC logo: "INHTC INDIAN HILL TELEVISIONCHANNEL" with a microphone icon. She remains stationary, herposture steady as she delivers her report. A "LIVE FROMINDIAN HILL" banner appears in the top left corner of thescreen, and a BREAKING NEWS ticker flashes across the bottom:"INHTC: VELVET KILLER TERROR GRIPS INDIAN HILL."

SERENA ROCKLAND
(into mic, rapid andassertive, withhusky tone) This is Serena Rockland, livefrom Indian Hill—chaos reigns!Citizens demand Sheriff JuliaWhite’s ouster, rallying behindVelvet Killer. Slaughter,robbery, killing—every cornerscreams panic! Stay with INHTCfor updates!

In the distance, a protester hurls a rock, shattering awindow with a sharp GLASS SHATTERING SOUND. Chants of "Velvet Killer! Velvet Killer!" rise, mingling with terrified screams and rapid breathing from the crowd, their voices echoing from afar. All Indian Hill citizens are dressed in cowboy and cowgirl attire—cowboy hats, denim shirts, leather vests, and boots—adding to the western chaos.

CUT TO:

INT. INHTC STUDIO - DAYThe studio features a modern design with a curved wooden desk glowing with blue LED accents, a large green screendisplaying the INHTC logo (a microphone icon with "INHTCINDIAN HILL TELEVISION CHANNEL" in white text on a greenbackground), and overhead spotlights casting bright beams.FRANK, the TV presenter , sits at the desk. His warm yetauthoritative voice, tinged with a slight Canadianinflection, cuts through the tension.

FRANK
(nodding, steady)Thank you, Serena. That’sbreaking news from Indian Hill.Stay safe out there—we’ll keepyou posted as this unfolds.

CUT TO:

EXT. INDIAN HILL STREETS - DAYThe dirt street vibrates with the energy of the protest, thesound of boots stomping on wooden sidewalks echoing with aTHUMPING SOUND. The crowd’s roar intensifies in thebackground as the scene shifts, their cowboy hats and denim-clad figures filling the street.

EXT. IHPD HEADQUARTERS - DAY

The IHPD headquarters stands as a sturdy wooden building, its facade marked with "INDIAN HILL POLICE DEPT." in bold white letters. A smaller sign above the entrance reads "SHERIFF JULIA WHITE." A massive wooden main front door dominates the entrance, flanked by brick walls. The surrounding area is a barren dirt lot with no trees or greenery as decor, ensuring the focus remains on the building and the action. A line of VELVETS, clad in crimson bandanas and cowboy gear, forms a queue, one behind the other. The lead Velvet grips a massive tree trunk, using it as a battering ram, while the others stand in sequence, each adding their weight and force by pushing forward in turn. They chant "For Velvet Killer!" in a unified roar, swinging the trunk in a rhythmic, forceful motion against the door, their boots pounding the ground with a RHYTHMIC THUNDERING SOUND. The door splinters and shatters with a WOOD CRACKING EXPLOSION, debris flying as the Velvets storm through the breached entry.

VELVET LEADER
(Yelling, ferocious)
For Velvet Killer !

The Velvets charge inside, leaving the broken door behind.

EXT. IHPD HEADQUARTERS - COURTYARD - DAY

The paved lot in front of the IHPD headquarters, marked bythe wooden building with "INDIAN HILL POLICE DEPT." signage,holds several IHPD cars, painted in a wood-painting stylewith the IHPD Shield Logo. The Velvets come from everywherein numbers and target the IHPD cars. They jump on the IHPDcars roofs and flip the cars upside down in a single, chaotic motion, the vehicles crashing onto their roofs with a METALLIC SCREECH and CRASHING SOUND. The overturned cars lie wrecked, their undercarriages exposed.

A fierce firefight erupts as both sides engage in a massive exchange of gunfire with non-stop shooting, bullets flying with a relentless GUNSHOT BARRAGE and BULLET RICOCHET SOUNDS. The IHPD agents fall one by one, overwhelmed by the onslaught, collapsing with THUDS as the Velvets stand victorious amidst the chaos.

INT. SHERIFF'S OFFICE - DAY

SHERIFF JULIA WHITE, a woman with her Dynamic Black hair in a Shag Cut, wearing a sheriff's hat and a badge pinned to her clothes, works at her desk, oblivious to the chaos outside. She looks up as the door bursts open with a WOODEN CRASH SOUND, revealing Velvet Killer—a woman wearing a blackleather suit and cowgirl hat, her Red Vermillion hair flowing, armed with Tarot cards, Poker cards, and a MagicRevolver gun numbered 1 to infinity.

SHERIFF JULIA WHITE
(rapid, commanding, with sharp tone)
Who the hell are you-get out of my office now!

Velvet Killer draws the revolver and points it directlytoward Sheriff Julia White's direction.

VELVET KILLER
(rapid, sultry with a confident edge, with tone)
Your time's up, Sheriff-say goodbye!

A single GUNSHOT SOUND cracks through the air, sharp andresounding. Sheriff Julia White slumps, lifeless. VelvetKiller takes her sheriff's hat. She dips her fingers intoJulia's blood with a WET SQUELCH SOUND, painting the hat'sbrim as a tribute, then wears it. She drags the body to theroof, the body scraping against the floor with a DRAGGINGSOUND.

EXT. IHPD HEADQUARTERS - ROOF - DAY

Velvet Killer stands on the roof of the wooden IHPD building, the "INDIAN HILL POLICE DEPT." signage visible below. She uses a glass shard to sever Julia's head with a CUTTING SOUND, holding it aloft before tossing it to the citizens below on the dirt-packed street. It lands with a wet THUD SOUND, rolling through the dust.

EXT. INDIAN HILL STREETS - DAY

The dirt-packed street, lined with wooden sidewalks, eruptswith the crowd’s joy. All citizens are dressed in cowboy andcowgirl attire—cowboy hats, denim shirts, leather vests, andboots—cheering loudly with CHEERING AND APPLAUSE SOUNDS—“VELVET KILLER IS QUEEN!” A CITIZEN steps forward, offering Velvet Killer a gleaming "Queen" badge, their boots crunching on the dirt with a CRUNCHING SOUND. She accepts it, pinning it to her leather suit with a METALLIC CLINK, marking her coronation as the sole ruler of Indian Hill City. The VELVETS cheer wildly, their voices rising in a WILD CHEERING SOUND, reveling in their queen’s coronation. KIDS in cowboy hats and boots swarm the sheriff’s head, kicking it like a soccer ball with KICKING SOUNDS, leaving blood smears as they chase it with GLEEFUL LAUGHTER, the sound of their feet pounding the dirt street.

FADE TO BLACK.

3: EXT. VELVET KILLER TOWER WOODEN HORSE DEATH PENALTY BRIDGE - NIGHT

FADE IN:

EXT. VELVET KILLER TOWER WOODEN HORSE DEATH PENALTY BRIDGE - NIGHT

The night sky over Indian Hill is dark and stormy, casting an eerie glow over a gothic-style suspension bridge withtowering pillars and taut cables, reminiscent of Gotham’sarchitecture. The bridge spans two bodies of water: the red"Blood Sea" on the left, its surface shimmering ominously,and the blue "Peaceful Sea" on the right, calm and still. Atthe bridge’s center stands a large wooden horse statue, itssilhouette stark against the night. No sign marks thelocation, enhancing its foreboding presence.

The Crowd Gathers at the Bridge

A crowd of CITIZENS, all in cowboy and cowgirl attire (cowboy hats, denim shirts, leather vests, boots), gathers along the bridge’s edges, their faces dimly lit by streetlights, murmuring in fear with a LOW MURMURING SOUND.

The Victim Climbs and is Prepared

A VICTIM, a trembling man in tattered cowboy attire, isforced to climb a tall ladder leading to the wooden horsestatue, his boots scraping with a SCRAPING SOUND. Two VELVETS in crimson bandanas follow, securing him to the statue with a thick rope as he sits, his hands bound.

The Velvets draw a small blade, cutting his wrists as a tribute to Velvet Killer, blood dripping with a DRIPPING SOUND onto the bridge. The crowd gasps with a COLLECTIVE GASP SOUND.

The Velvet Killer Executes the Victim

Velvet Killer ascends the ladder, her black leather suitgleaming under the streetlights, her Red Vermillion hairflowing beneath her cowgirl hat. She holds her MagicRevolver, numbered 1 to infinity, and faces the victim with a cold smirk.

VELVET KILLER
(booming, sultry with a confident edge, with tone)
Disobey me, and this is your end!

She raises her Magic Revolver and fires THREE GUNSHOTS intothe victim’s chest—each shot a deafening BANG, bloodsplattering with a WET IMPACT SOUND. The victim slumps,lifeless, still tied to the wooden horse.

Disposal of the Corpse

The Velvets cut the rope, and the victim’s corpse falls witha HEAVY THUD onto the bridge. They drag it to the edge with a DRAGGING SOUND and toss it into the red "Blood Sea" below,the body splashing with a SPLASH SOUND, sinking into thecrimson waves. The crowd falls silent, their fear palpable.

Velvet Killer’s Warning

CLOSE ON VELVET KILLER

Her smirk widens as she watches the body disappear, her authority unchallenged under the stormy sky.

VELVET KILLER
(whispering, menacing)
Obey me... or join him.

FADE TO BLACK.

4: I/E. Indian Hill City - Surprise Death Place. Free DeathChoice Scenario. Day

FADE IN:

EXT. INDIAN HILL CITY - DAY

Citizens Flee in Panic

The sun blazes over the dusty, dirt-packed streets of IndianHill City, lined with wooden sidewalks and weathered buildings. CITIZENS in cowboy and cowgirl attire—cowboy hats, denim shirts, leather vests, and boots—run in terror, their boots kicking up dust with a CRUNCHING SOUND, their panicked screams echoing with a SCREAMING SOUND.

Velvets Target a Disobedient Man

A group of VELVETS in crimson bandanas storms through thestreet, their boots thundering with a THUDDING SOUND. Theyspot a MAN (mid-30s, in tattered cowboy attire), known fordefying Velvet Killer’s rule, and chase him toward his smallwooden house, his breathing heavy with a RAPID BREATHINGSOUND.

Velvets Break Into the Man’s House

The Velvets kick down the wooden door of the man’s house with a WOODEN CRASHING SOUND, dragging him inside as he struggles, his boots scraping the floor with a SCRAPING SOUND, his pleas rising with a DESPERATE WHIMPERING SOUND.

INT. MAN’S HOUSE - DAY

Velvet Killer Arrives with Her Weapons

The small house is sparsely furnished, with a wooden tableand a flickering oil lamp casting shadows with a FLICKERINGLIGHT SOUND. Velvet Killer enters, her black leather suitgleaming, Red Vermillion hair flowing beneath her cowgirlhat, holding her Tarot Cards, Poker Cards, and Magic Revolver Gun numbered 1 to infinity. Her presence chills the air as a CREAKING FLOORBOARD SOUND echoes.

Velvet Killer Presents the Death Choice

VELVET KILLER
(Sultry, menacing, with tone)
You defied me, so you die. Pick your fate-Tarot for the method, Poker for the shots, and my gun for the scenario. Choose, or I will.

She fans out her Tarot Cards and Poker Cards on the tablewith a SHUFFLING SOUND, her Magic Revolver glintingominously.

Man Picks the Tarot Card

The man, trembling, picks a Tarot Card—“The Lovers”—his hands shaking with a TREMBLING SOUND, his voice barely a whisper.

MAN
(Stammering)
The Lovers... please, mercy...

The card symbolizes a death tied to betrayal, as VelvetKiller smirks with a SOFT CHUCKLING SOUND.

Man Picks the Poker Card

The man picks a Poker Card—“3 of Spades”—indicating thenumber of shots.

MAN
(Sobbing)
Three... just three...

Velvet Killer nods, placing the card down with a TAPPINGSOUND, her eyes gleaming with malice.

Velvet Killer Sets the Death Scenario

Velvet Killer spins the cylinder of her Magic Revolver with a CLICKING SOUND, stopping at scenario number 10, her voicecold.

VELVET KILLER
(icy)
Scenario 10-betrayal by lead.
You'll bleed out silently.

She pockets the cards with a RUSTLING SOUND, raising her gun.

Velvet Killer Shoots the Man

Velvet Killer fires her Magic Revolver three times—eachGUNSHOT SOUND precise, hitting his chest, blood splatteringwith a WET SPLATTERING SOUND. The man collapses, his bodylifeless on the floor.

Man Dies

The man lies still, his final breath escaping with a RASPINGSOUND, blood pooling beneath him with a DRIPPING SOUND, hiseyes vacant as Velvet Killer steps forward.

Velvet Killer Throws the Corpse Outside

Velvet Killer drags the man’s corpse to the door with aDRAGGING SOUND, opening it with a CREAKING SOUND, and tossesthe body into the small garden outside with a THUD, the grass stained with blood.

EXT. MAN’S GARDEN - DAY

Velvets Place the Man in a Coffin

The Velvets approach, bringing a simple wooden coffin,placing the man’s body inside with a CREAKING WOOD SOUND,closing the lid with a THUDDING SOUND, and lifting it with aGRUNTING SOUND.

EXT. NIGHTCLUB VIP ZONE - DAY

Velvets Dispose of the Coffin on the Dance Floor

The Velvets enter a nearby nightclub, its neon sign flashingwith a BUZZING SOUND. Inside, COWGIRLS (Citizens) in cowboyhats and boots dance in the VIP zone to a lively beat with aTHUMPING MUSIC SOUND. The Velvets throw the coffin onto thedance floor with a HEAVY THUD, the women gasping with a GASPS SOUND as they pause, the coffin marked with a bloody note: “We all love you.”

FADE TO BLACK.

5: INT. VELVET KILLER WORSHIP DEPARTMENT - DAY

FADE IN:

INT. VELVET KILLER WORSHIP DEPARTMENT - TASK CHAMBERS - DAY

The chamber buzzes with the relentless clatter of typewriters. CITIZENS sit hunched over desks, scribbling reports and decrees. Flickering torchlight dances across Wanted posters plastered on the walls and the imposing Chart Law—a blood-red scroll listing Velvet Killer’s edicts. OVERSEERS in dark tactical gear pace silently, their presence a constant threat.

VELVET KILLER enters, her red hair a fiery cascade beneath her tilted cowboy hat. The "Queen" badge on her chest glints as she surveys the room. She pauses before CITIZEN #4, a nervous figure clutching a crumpled, incomplete report.

VELVET KILLER
(voice sharp and cold)
Your region's balance is chaos. Violence drowns out order. Why ?

CITIZEN #4
(Voice trembling)
I—I couldn’t stop the raids, I swear I tried— Velvet Killer’s hand moves to her Magic Revolver. The cylinder spins with a menacing CLICK-CLICK. She aims it squarely at Citizen #4’s chest.

VELVET KILLER
(calm, unyielding)
Failure has one price.

A deafening GUNSHOT cracks through the air. Citizen #4 crumples to the floor with a heavy THUD, blood staining the stone beneath. The typing stops. Every citizen freezes, eyes wide.

VELVET KILLER
(addressing the room)
This is your lesson. Fail me, and you're next.

The citizens snap back to their tasks, typewriters roaring to life with renewed urgency. Fear fuels their speed. Velvet Killer holsters her revolver, her piercing gaze sweeping over them.

VELVET KILLER
(commanding)
Keep the balance-or join him.

The torchlight fades as she strides out, leaving the citizens to their frantic work under the shadow of her threat.

FADE TO BLACK.

6: INT. INDIAN HILL THERAPEUTICAL HEALTH CARE CENTER - THE ASSASSINATION OF DR. SAMANTHA GRAY - DAY

FADE IN:

INT. INDIAN HILL THERAPEUTICAL HEALTH CARE CENTER - DR.

GRAY’S OFFICE - DAY

A modest therapist’s office within the Indian Hill Therapeutical Health Care Center, bathed in soft daylight streaming through a small window. The room features a plush gray sofa against one wall, a wooden bookshelf lined with therapy books, and a potted plant in the corner adding a touch of green. A simple wooden desk sits near the window, holding a neat stack of notebooks and a pen. The air is heavy with tension despite the serene decor.

DOCTOR SAMANTHA GRAY , a woman in her 40s with sharp features and a steely gaze, wears a white coat over her cowgirl attire (denim shirt, boots). She speaks to a PATIENT, a frail man in tattered cowboy gear, her voice steady with commanding edge.

DOCTOR SAMANTHA GRAY
(soft, reassuring)
You'll recover-stay hidden. She can't control healing.

The door explodes open with a WOODEN CRASH SOUND, revealing VELVET KILLER . Her red hair glows under her cowboy hat, "Queen" badge glinting on her black leather suit. She holds her Magic Revolver, numbered 1 to infinity, her presence chilling the room.

VELVET KILLER
(sultry, venomous)
You filthy healer-harboring rebels, defying me! I know your secrets Samantha. You've been sneaking medicine to the resistance.

Doctor Samantha Gray stands, her face pale but resolute, accepting her fate with a slow nod. She steps forward, her

boots ECHOING on the wooden floor.

DOCTOR SAMANTHA GRAY
(calm, resigned)
Do what you must. I’m ready.

Velvet Killer smirks, fanning out her Tarot and Poker cards on the desk with a SHUFFLING SOUND. Samantha draws the Death card from the Tarot deck, then the 11 of Clubs from the Poker deck, her hands steady despite her fate.

VELVET KILLER
(icy)
Eleven shots...fitting for a traitor.

She raises her Magic Revolver, firing TWO GUNSHOTS into Samantha’s arms—blood splatters with a WET IMPACT SOUND. Samantha gasps, staggering. Velvet Killer fires EIGHT MORE GUNSHOTS into her body, each bullet striking with a THUD, blood pooling on the floor with a DRIPPING SOUND. She pauses, then delivers a FINAL GUNSHOT to Samantha’s neck—a CRACK echoes as Samantha collapses with a HEAVY THUD, lifeless. In a twisted act of generosity, Velvet Killer kneels beside the body, her voice softening mockingly.

VELVET KILLER
(whispering)
A gift for your defiance...

She adds more damage, firing FOUR MORE GUNSHOTS into Samantha’s legs, using the last two bullets in her revolver—each shot a deafening BANG, blood staining the floor further. The patient cowers, his whimpers a faint WHIMPERING SOUND.

Velvet Killer stands, holstering her revolver with a CLINK, and strides out, her boots ECHOING as she leaves the office

in silence, the daylight casting harsh shadows over Samantha’s broken body.

FADE TO BLACK.

7: INT. THE 8 POOL CLUB - THE ANNOUNCEMENT OF THE BOUNTY OF VELVET KILLER - DAY

FADE IN:

INT. THE 8 POOL CLUB - DAY

A moody, Western-style wooden building with a sign reading "8TH POOL CLUB." The interior is dim, lit by a jukebox glowing softly against the wall and a chalkboard menu. Tables are scattered with dominoes and cards, the air thick with the scent of whiskey and smoke. A TV mounted on the wall broadcasts news from INHTC.

A fine nice woman, PAMELA STRING , sits at a table, playing domino with another player. Her moves are precise, placing tiles with a CLICK-CLICK SOUND. She wins the game, her opponent conceding with a GRUNT.

PAMELA STRING
(smiling, confident)
Good game.

She glances up as the TV announcer’s voice fills the room.

TV ANNOUNCER
(voice from TV, urgent)
Breaking news: Velvet Killer's bounty has been announced—$9,999,999 for her capture!

Pamela’s eyes widen, excitement flashing across her face. She leans forward, whispering to herself.

PAMELA STRING
(whispering, thoughtful)
Mmmm, interesting. I love to win and beating people in domino for fun but also I need more cash. I want to go to Gotham one day and meet one of the heroes over there just some guys like The Batman or The Question. I will take this for now as mission and bring this psycho to justice. I want to save my city. That's right I will protect Indian Hill and yes I can be that heroic too. From now on my name will be The Illusionist.

She stops for a seconds to breathe and think. Then she continues saying with a nice accent in her voice.

PAMELA STRING
(with a nice accent, determined)
This city has suffered enough. It’s time for someone to stand up.

She leaves the table, her boots ECHOING on the wooden floor as she exits the club, the jukebox playing a haunting tune in the background.

FADE TO BLACK.

8: EXT. Indian Hill Streets - Another Live Reportage by INHTC

FADE IN:

EXT. INDIAN HILL STREETS - DAY

The dusty, dirt-packed streets of Indian Hill are alive with chaos, lined with wooden sidewalks and weathered buildings. Citizens in cowboy and cowgirl attire—cowboy hats, denim shirts, leather vests, and boots—scurry in panic, their boots kicking up dust with a CRUNCHING SOUND, their voices rising in a LOW MURMUR. VELVETS in crimson bandanas swarm the area,

their boots THUDDING as they ruin stores—smashing shop windows with a GLASS SHATTERING SOUND, overturning shelves with a CRASHING SOUND, and looting goods. They target IHPD roadblocks, toppling barricades with a WOODEN CRACKING SOUND, and smash police equipment—battering vehicles with METALLIC CLANGS. Some throw bombs, triggering EXPLOSIONS with BOOMING SOUNDS, sending debris flying with a RUSTLING SOUND. Others steal guns from fallen IHPD agents with a METALLIC CLINK and raid medical supplies from a nearby clinic, their footsteps ECHOING as they carry off crates with a HEAVY THUD.
CATHY STERLING, a female journalist in cowgirl attire (cowboy hat, denim jacket, leather boots) , stands with a black handheld microphone bearing the INHTC logo: "INHTC INDIAN HILL TELEVISION CHANNEL" with a microphone icon. A "LIVE FROM INDIAN HILL" banner appears in the top left corner, and a BREAKING NEWS ticker flashes: "INHTC: VELVET KILLER’S REIGN INTENSIFIES."

CATHY STERLING
(into mic, urgent and resolute, with crisp tone)
This is Cathy Sterling, reporting live from Indian Hill. The streets are ablaze with unrest as Velvet Killer’s forces tighten their grip. Velvets are ruining shops, smashing police roadblocks, and stealing weapons and medical supplies—chaos reigns supreme. Citizens flee, while the city crumbles under this brutal enforcement. Stay tuned to INHTC for more.

A nearby EXPLOSION SOUND erupts as a bomb detonates near a store, sending sparks flying with a CRACKLING SOUND. The

crowd scatters with SCREAMING SOUNDS, some tripping with a THUD.

CUT TO:

INT. INHTC STUDIO - DAY

The studio mirrors its prior design—curved wooden desk with blue LED accents, green screen with the INHTC logo, and bright spotlights. SAM BLAKE, sits at the desk, his deep voice steady with a hint of gravel.

SAM BLAKE
(nodding, authoritative)
Thank you, Cathy. The situation in Indian Hill grows dire. We'll bring you updates as they unfold—stay with us.

CUT TO:

EXT. INDIAN HILL STREETS - DAY

The camera pans to show Velvets dragging a crate of medical supplies away, their boots ECHOING, while others smash a police roadblock with a WOODEN SMASH SOUND. After the Velvets' actions subside, a group of NEW SUPPORTERS—regular citizens in cowboy and cowgirl attire—emerges, holding signs reading "We Want Our Goddess Velvet Killer." Their voices rise in a CHANTING SOUND, waving the signs with a RUSTLING SOUND as they gather in the street. Cathy Sterling steps closer, her boots CRUNCHING on debris, capturing the scene.

CATHY STERLING
(into mic, tense)
We've just witnessed the Velvets' rampage—stores looted, police overwhelmed, and supplies stolen. Now, new supporters are calling for Velvet Killer, dubbing her
(MORE)

CATHY STERLING (CONT'D)
their goddess. The fear here is overwhelming—her rule shows no mercy.

The scene fades as smoke rises from the explosion, the sound of DISTANT SIRENS growing faint.

FADE TO BLACK.

9: EXT. INDIAN HILL STREETS - NIGHTTIME AMBUSH

FADE IN:

EXT. INDIAN HILL STREETS - NIGHT

The streets are shrouded in moonlight, shadows stretching over the dirt-packed ground and wooden sidewalks. A faint breeze carries a WHISTLING SOUND. VELVETS in crimson bandanas emerge from the darkness, raising their guns and firing at IHPD agents with a RAPID GUNSHOT BARRAGE. The IHPD agents spin around, their faces etched with stunned surprise, hands fumbling with a CLATTERING SOUND as they realize the attack.

FADE TO BLACK.

10: EXT. Indian Hill Streets - The Surprise

FADE IN:

EXT. INDIAN HILL STREETS - DAY

The air thickens with anticipation, the sunlight casting sharp shadows across the dirt-packed ground and wooden sidewalks. VELVETS stand poised, their crimson bandanas fluttering in the breeze with a RUSTLING SOUND. A distant thunder rumbles with a LOW RUMBLE as the silhouette of VELVET KILLER emerges, her black leather suit gleaming, Red Vermillion hair flowing beneath her cowgirl hat, and "Queen"

badge shining. She strides forward, her boots ECHOING with each step, her Magic Revolver numbered 1 to infinity glinting in her hand.

VELVET KILLER
(booming, sutry with a confident edge, with tone)
The time has come—bow to your queen!

The Velvets erupt in cheers with a WILD CHEERING SOUND, their voices echoing through the day. The IHPD agents, still reeling from the ambush, exchange nervous glances with a MUTTERING SOUND, their resolve wavering.

FADE TO BLACK.

11: EXT. INDIAN HILL STREETS - THE RESCUE-NEW HERO’S APPEARANCE - DAY

FADE IN:

EXT. INDIAN HILL STREETS - DAY

The streets are filled with chaos, citizens fleeing in panic with SCREAMING SOUNDS. VELVETS fire at IHPD agents with GUNSHOT SOUNDS. The IHPD agents turn, stunned, their faces frozen in surprise as they fumble with CLATTERING SOUNDS.

A truck with a horse ridden by a nice lady arrives at the battle.

Velvet Killer appears.

She shoots the IHPD with her Magic Revolver, bullets flying with BANG SOUNDS.

She throws one of her tarot cards.

Her fellow criminals and followers smile, their faces lit with grins.

The IHPD fall, collapsing with THUD SOUNDS.

More citizens are dead, bodies lying on the ground with GROANING SOUNDS fading.

The Illusionist makes her appearance in her high-tech magical domino fighting suit.

She throws her long magical domino tiles spear towards Velvet Killer.

Velvet Killer's criminals and followers defend their leader with guns, firing RAPID GUNSHOTS.

They feel proud to be dead for their queen.

They love to join Victory Land, like Heaven in the new Indian Hill.

The Illusionist shoots them with her magical domino tiles gun, bullets whizzing in POV and OTS shots.

They are down, collapsing with THUD SOUNDS.

Velvet Killer escapes.

A white Bentley car with "Dr. Toxine" gold lettering, medical symbol, pill-shaped red and white lights flashing on top, and blue test tube lights on the grille arrives with a ROARING ENGINE SOUND.

DOCTOR TOXINE , in a dark medical uniform with white blouse, lab coat, and stethoscope around her neck, steps out.

She laughs with an EVIL LAUGH SOUND.

She shoots Indian Hill citizens with her Botulinum gun—silver revolver with blue syringe mechanism, red skull emblem, and needle barrel—in POV and WS shots.

Yellow botulinum gas erupts with HISSING SOUNDS, citizens

choking with GASPING SOUNDS.

Few survive by wearing gas masks, breathing heavily with WHEEZING SOUNDS.

The rest die, bodies dropping with THUD SOUNDS.

An innocent victim flashes his phone to draw a nice Domino LED Light-Sign on the glass of the ROYAL CASINO HOTEL in the background—neon-lit wooden building with golden "ROYAL CASINO HOTEL" sign, dice neon above, and cowgirl statue out front.

A very glowing light appears.

He was so desperate, his hands shaking with TREMBLING SOUNDS.

The Illusionist appears.

The Illusionist throws her domino tiles into the sky.

The domino tiles open, transforming to little batarangs, unleashing light blue N3 gas (antidote) smoke with a HISSING SOUND in the air.

The light blue N3 gas reacts instantly with the yellow botulinum gas, causing it to disappear immediately.

Indian Hill citizens are safe, coughing with RELIEVED COUGHS.

DOCTOR TOXINE
(furious)
No, no and fucking no. I hate her, she is ruining all of it. No! I hate people who ruin my perfect plan. Fine, I will show her who the hell fucking I'm. She isn't the only one who can use magic in her attacks. I can do that too. Do you think yourself invincible Hein? Well, we will see about that and guess what bitch. Now I'm with my perfect level let's see if you can beat me now.

FADE TO BLACK.

12: EXT. INDIAN HILL STREETS - THE ILLUSIONIST BATTLES DOCTOR TOXINE - DAY

FADE IN:

EXT. INDIAN HILL STREETS - DAY

The dusty, dirt-packed streets of Indian Hill City are 100% clear—no smoke, no gas. Wooden sidewalks line weathered buildings, all citizens in cowboy/cowgirl attire—hats, denim shirts, leather vests, boots. The Royal Casino Hotel looms in the background, its neon "CASINO" sign flickering brightly. Citizens cheer with RELIEVED CHEERS.

DOCTOR TOXINE stands furious, her third eye glowing red on her forehead, pulsing with evil energy. Her white Bentley idles behind.

THE ILLUSIONIST stands tall in her high-tech magical domino fighting suit—black tactical gear with glowing domino patterns.

Timed Breakdown:

THIRD EYE ACTIVATION - KNIFE ASSAULT

DOCTOR TOXINE
(snarling, eyes blazing)
Let's take this battle to the next level!

She draws her magic blood container tubes knives—red-tinted syringes—and hurls them at The Illusionist with WHISTLING SOUNDS.

THE ILLUSIONIST
(calm, focused)
1-6 Open now!

A massive 1-6 domino tile shield materializes with a MAGICAL

HUM. The knives CLANG off, falling to the dirt with CLATTERING SOUNDS.

VERBAL TAUNTING - KNIFE FIGHT

DOCTOR TOXINE
(laughing maniacally)
Aghhhhh, fine bitch! You want to play dirty? Well then I will play dirty too!

THE ILLUSIONIST
(steady, circling)
I do have a name you know. Just call me The Illusionist. I'm the new guardian angel and savior of Indian Hill.

Doctor Toxine charges, slashing with twin blood tube knives. The Illusionist dodges gracefully, boots CRUNCHING on dirt. She counters with domino tile punches—each hit GLOWING, sending shockwaves with ELECTRIC CRACKLES.

DOCTOR TOXINE
(mockingly)
HA HA HA! What a small wannabe with a broken dream you are! You want to be such a heroic lady? Too bad—I HATE heroes like you who ruin my day!

BOMB BARRAGE - DIRECT HITS

THE ILLUSIONIST
(defiant)
What the fuck?

Doctor Toxine tosses magical pills and prescription bombs—they EXPLODE with BOOMING BLASTS, sending dirt and debris flying. No smoke—air remains crystal clear. Doctor Toxine leaps through the blast, stabbing The Illusionist in the shoulder with a blood tube knife. BLOOD SPLATTERS. The Illusionist stumbles, GRUNTING in pain.

ROPE TRAP

DOCTOR TOXINE
(victorious)
Got you now, Domino lady!

Her stethoscope extends into a magic rope, wrapping The Illusionist's arms with WHIPPING SOUNDS. She tightens it, pulling her close.

The Illusionist struggles, GRUNTING, face contorted in pain.

THE ILLUSIONIST
(mockingly, through gritted teeth)
Hhhh... there is always a trick to come around in this battle. I won't collapse that easily—and certainly not dying here by the hands of a psycho like you!

COUNTERATTACK - ESCAPE

THE ILLUSIONIST
(determined)
That's right! It's time for your nap. You will lose, believe me. Now time to bring you to justice—back to 'Insanity' where crazy ones like you belong!

THE ILLUSIONIST
(commanding)
4-6 activation NOW!

Her 4-6 domino tile sword materializes with a SHIMMERING GLOW. She slashes the stethoscope rope—SNAPPING with SPARKS. The rope dissolves instantly.

DOCTOR TOXINE
(shocked, stumbling back)
Ok here goes nothing! No way! How were you able to do that? Agh fuck!

GRAND FINALE SETUP

THE ILLUSIONIST
(heroic, advancing)
Now it's time for your end. Normally I don't like killing people, but it doesn't mean I'm
(MORE)

THE ILLUSIONIST (CONT'D)
letting you walk away. It's time for the grand finale!

The Illusionist leaps, tossing ALL her domino tiles into the air with FLIPPING SOUNDS.

She draws her sword, slicing each tile—boosting them with ARCING ENERGY.

THE ILLUSIONIST
(yelling)
Auto-bombing supreme release mode!

The tiles transform into massive Domino Tile Shurikens—spinning with WHIRRING SOUNDS, glowing bright white.

SHURIKEN ASSAULT - DEFEAT

The shurikens slam into Doctor Toxine from all angles—MULTIPLE IMPACTS with EXPLOSIVE THUDS.

She screams, collapsing to her knees, blood streaming, third eye flickering out.

DOCTOR TOXINE
(weak, defeated)
No... impossible... my perfect plan...

FINAL SHURIKEN hits her chest—DIRECT HIT with LIGHTNING CRACKLE. She slumps, unconscious.

VICTORY - ILLUSIONIST DEPARTS

The Illusionist stands victorious, breathing heavily, suit glowing triumphantly.

THE ILLUSIONIST
(whispering to herself)
First victory... for Indian Hill.

She vanishes in a flash of domino light.

CITIZENS cheer wildly—"THE ILLUSIONIST! THE ILLUSIONIST!"

FADE TO BLACK.

13: INT. INDIAN HILL TELEGRAM NEWSPAPER DEPARTMENT - THE ILLUSIONIST'S VICTORY - DAY

FADE IN:

INT. INDIAN HILL TELEGRAM NEWSPAPER DEPARTMENT - DAY

The newsroom EXPLODES WITH CELEBRATION—journalists cheering, high-fiving, hugging. Typewriters CLACKING furiously. Rotary phones RINGING off hooks. Confetti falls from ceiling. Same wooden plaque: "INDIAN HILL TELEGRAM."

WIDE SHOT

Journalists pound typewriters—RAPID CLACKING SOUNDS. Papers FLY between desks.

CLOSE ON JOURNALIST #1

Types headline: "VERY NICE HAPPY DAY IN INDIAN HILL"

CLOSE ON JOURNALIST #2

Types: "AND BIG CELEBRATION OF THE FIRST VICTORY OF THE NEW HERO OF INDIAN HILL 'THE ILLUSIONIST'"

CLOSE ON JOURNALIST #3

Types: "YEAH, CATCH THE NAME RIGHT 'THE ILLUSIONIST' SHE DEFEATS DR. TOXINE IN HER FIRST BATTLE WITH A NICE DOMINO TILE SHURIKEN."

WIDE SHOT - PRINTING PRESS

EDITOR pulls lever—WHIRRING PRINTING SOUNDS. Newspapers SPIT OUT rapidly.

CLOSE ON FRESH NEWSPAPER FRONT PAGE

THE ILLUSIONIST CENTER—high-tech domino suit, heroic pose, glowing patterns. Vintage newspaper style matching your screenshot.

INDIAN HILL TELEGRAM NEWSPAPER

IHTN. 18 103826

[MAIN HEADLINE]

VERY NICE HAPPY DAY IN INDIAN HILL

AND BIG CELEBRATION OF THE FIRST VICTORY OF THE NEW HERO OF INDIAN HILL "THE ILLUSIONIST"

YEAH, CATCH THE NAME RIGHT "THE ILLUSIONIST" SHE DEFEATS DR. TOXINE IN HER FIRST BATTLE WITH A NICE DOMINO TILE SHURIKEN.

Journalists toss papers in air—CHEERING Newsboys RUSH outside yelling "EXTRA! ILLUSIONIST WINS!"

EXT. STREETS: CITIZENS CELEBRATE—DANCING, HUGGING, WAVING NEWSPAPERS COWBOYS TIP HATS, COWGIRLS CHEER ON WOODEN SIDEWALKS

CLOSE ON NEWSPAPER in citizen's hands—ILLUSIONIST smiling heroically.

CITIZENS
(overlapping)
"THE ILLUSIONIST! OUR HERO!"

FADE TO BLACK.

14: EXT. INDIAN HILL STREETS - THE ARRIVAL OF THE IHPD AND THE CAPTURE OF DOCTOR TOXINE - DAY

FADE IN:

EXT. INDIAN HILL STREETS - DAY

DOCTOR TOXINE lies defeated on the dirt street, covered in blood from multiple shuriken wounds. Her arms, eyes, legs, and chest show deep cuts and gashes. Magic Domino Tiles Handcuffs GLOW tightly around her wrists—impossible to remove, pulsing with energy. She groans weakly, barely able to move. Doctor Toxine struggles to stand—legs shaking, collapsing twice. Blood drips from wounds—DRIPPING SOUNDS. She crawls 3 feet, then falls face first into dirt—THUD. IHPD SIRENS blare—WAILING SOUNDS. 3 IHPD Cars, 4 IHPD Suvs, 2 IHPD

Vans and IHPD SWAT Van (All are

WOODEN-PAINTED) race in.

IHPD on

doors.

Agents in cowboy hats leap

out, guns drawn.

THE ILLUSIONIST vanishes in flash

of domino light—SHIMMERING GLOW.

Citizens cheer faintly in

background.

IHPD AGENTS swarm scene: Arrest

remaining VELVETS—SLAMMING

against vehicles, cuffing with

CLANKING SOUNDS Drag new VELVET

KILLER FOLLOWERS—KICKING,

SCREAMING Clear DOCTOR TOXINE

followers—bodies THUDDING as

dragged away.

SPECIAL IHPD AGENTS approach

Doctor Toxine:

AGENT#1
(grabbing her arm)
You're done, Toxine.

They lift her roughly—GRUNTING SOUNDS. Domino handcuffs GLOW

brighter. Agents try to remove—SPARKS FLY, hands

BURN—impossible.

AGENT#2
These won't come off...
Illusionist's magic.

WOODEN

PAINTED IHPD VAN arrives—SIRENS

SCREAMING, IHPD on side.

Back

doors SWING OPEN.

Agents SHOVE Doctor Toxine inside—THUD against metal floor.

Doors SLAM SHUT.

Van ROARS toward highway.

FADE TO BLACK.

15: EXT. Indian Hill Highway 2119 KM to INSANITY - Day

FADE IN:

EXT. INDIAN HILL HIGHWAY - DAY

GOLDEN HOUR SUNSET bathes the dusty 2119 KM stretch.

IHPD SWAT VAN leads a tight convoy-DOCTOR TOXINE inside,Magic Domino Tiles Handcuffs GLOWING through barred window,head slumped. Behind: 3 IHPD Cars, 4 IHPD SUVs, 2 IHPD Vans-all WOODEN-PAINTED, IHPD on doors-roll in single file line. engine roars echo, tires hum on asphalt, dust clouds billow.

Drone shot overhead : convoy sneaks past IHPD Police Department (HQ)-wooden facade blurs by. Radio Chatter crackles.

IHPD Dispatch (V.O.)

Convoy clear, heading to 2119 KM mark.

POV From SWAT Van: Dust swirls, rearview mirror reflects Indian Hill Streets fading.

TRACKING SHOT: Convoy enters VELVET KILLER TOWER WOODEN HORSE DEATH PENALTY BRIDGE.Wooden beams creak, horse statue looms overhead. cowboys on bridge wave hats, yelling cheers. Convoy accelerates—bridge rattles.

WIDE SHOT: Convoy leaves bridge, dust settling. They enter 8TH POOL CLUB RESTAURANT—neon sign glimmers, patrons wave. tires screech as convoy curves around building.

SLOW-MO: Convoy exits 8th Pool Club, dust swirls in golden light. They enter VELVET KILLER WORSHIP DEPARTMENT—tall spires shadow highway. chanting echoes faintly from within.

OVERHEAD DRONE: Convoy passes ROYAL CASINO HOTEL—neon "OPEN" sign flashes. Billboard: "2119 KM TO INSANITY" with cowgirl silouhette. Engines revv.

POV From SUV: Convoy rolls by INDIAN HILL THERAPEUTICAL HEALTH CARE CENTER—white walls glint. Road sign: "707 KM DOWN, 1412 TO GO". Wind whistles.

TRACKING SHOT: Convoy enters SQUARE PARK STREET—bronze Illusionist statue gleams, water sparkles, sailboat glides. Citizens cheer, waving newspapers.

WIDE SHOT: Convoy passes VELVET KILLER COURT LOUANGE (Public court of law)—red roofs, statues stand tall. Judges on steps salute. Dust Kicks Up.

POV From Van: Convoy nears INDIAN HILL TELEGRAM NEWSPAPER DEPARTMENT—wooden plaque flashes by. Journalists wave from windows, papers fly.

DRAMATIC OVERHEAD: Convoy approaches INSANITY MEDICAL FACILITY—gothic asylum looms, lightning crackles, zombie statues glare. SWAT Van breaks—Doors creak open. Agents drag Doctor Toxine out, handcuffs still glowing.

FADE TO BLACK as GATES SLAM.

16: INT. INSANITY MEDICAL FACILITY - NIGHT

FADE IN:

Cold rain lashes the gothic façade. Red neon “INSANITY” flickers through fog. Iron gates grind open. The IHPD convoy stops. DOCTOR TOXINE is pulled from the SWAT van, magic domino handcuffs glowing on her wrists.

INT. RECEPTION HALL - CONTINUOUS

Dim fluorescent buzz. The INSANITY SPECIAL SECURITY GUARD (gray uniform, cap) waits like a statue. He nods to the IHPD agents. They hand Doctor Toxine over and leave. The heavy front doors SLAM.

The INSANITY SPECIAL SECURITY GUARD grips her arm. They walk toward the scratched steel elevator. He presses the button. DING.

INT. ELEVATOR - MOMENTS LATER

Doors close. Harsh overhead light. Buttons: 1 - 3 - 3½ - 3¾ - 3 - 3½. He presses 1. Elevator lurches upward.

INT. LEVEL 1 - PATIENT'S PROPERTIES DEPOSITION ROOM

Fluorescent white. Steel counters. The INSANITY ADMINISTRATIVE AGENT (white shirt, black tie) sits behind glass. Doctor Toxine empties pockets: syringes, vials, scalpels, poison rings. Everything disappears into a high-security steel closet.CLUNK. Keys only he possesses.

He slides paperwork and folded black prison uniform through the slot. Doctor Toxine signs with a dead stare. She changes behind a screen. The black uniform fits perfectly; a new badge already pinned: 012556.

INT. LEVEL 1 - PATIENTS OFFICIAL PHOTOSHOOT ROOM - MINUTES LATER

Gray backdrop, height marks. The INSANITY Photographer Agent hands her the slate: DOCTOR TOXINE - 012556. She sits on the wooden stool. Flash. Flash. Done.

INT. ELEVATOR - CONTINUOUS

Back inside. The INSANITY SPECIAL SECURITY GUARD presses 3. Long ascent. Doctor Toxine stares at her reflection in the metal wall.

INT. LEVEL 3 - ACUTE CASES FEMALE SIDE - DAY ROOM

Vast, dimly lit. Graffiti-covered pillars. One long black sofa in the center. Doctor Toxine sits. The INSANITY SPECIAL SECURITY GUARD stands by the elevator.

The INSANITY OFFICIAL EXPERT DOCTOR (white coat) enters, clipboard in hand. He gestures. Doctor Toxine rises.

INT. INFIRMARY ROOM - MOMENTS LATER

Sterile white. He checks pulse, eyes, reflexes. Cold stethoscope against black fabric. He nods—healthy enough.

INT. DORMITORY - LATER

Rows of narrow beds. He leads her to an empty one. Opens an orange bottle, tips out one blue pill, one yellow pill. Hands her a paper cup of water. She swallows under his watchful eyes. He leaves.

INT. LEVEL 3 CORRIDOR - LONG HALLWAY - LATER

The INSANITY SPECIAL SECURITY GUARD returns. They walk the endless graffiti-scarred hallway under flickering lights. Distant screams echo.

INT. FEMALE SIDE CELLS BLOCK - CONTINUOUS

Towering atrium, “INSANITY - Females Side” painted in dripping red across the central pillar. They stop at CELL 873. High-tech panel glows blue.

The INSANITY SPECIAL SECURITY GUARD swipes his keycard. BEEP. Heavy door slides open. Doctor Toxine steps inside. The glowing domino handcuffs finally CLICK OFF and drop to the floor.

The door SLAMS. Electronic locks engage with a series of heavy THUNKS. The INSANITY SPECIAL SECURITY GUARD walks away. Elevator DING in the distance.

INT. CELL 873 - CONTINUOUS

Single bulb. Graffiti-covered walls. Thin mattress. Doctor Toxine sits perfectly still on the edge of the bed, hands in lap, staring straight ahead. Silence.

FADE OUT.

17: EXT. CAPITAL TOWN PUBLIC SLAUGHTERY STREET - NIGHT

FADE IN:

Neon-soaked chaos. Red lanterns, black flags, fireworks already crackling overhead. Thousands of INDIAN HILL citizens pack the street, drunk on vengeance and festival fever. “BIG FESTIVAL PUNISHMENT DAY” banners drip blood-red.

HOOFBEATS.

A massive black horse-drawn truck rolls in, two midnight stallions snorting steam. On the trailer: a towering LED screen, red REC dot pulsing.

Two VELVETS drop from the cab, flip the screen open. Static. Then VELVET KILLER's face fills it, twenty feet tall.

VELVET KILLER
(on screen, smiling like sin)
Tonight we celebrate three gifts:
One - the three-trillion-dollar bounty on The Illusionist.

(her WANTED poster slams up - $3,000,000,000,000)

VELVET KILLER
Two - the execution of Sheriff Amelia Fleming… live.
Three - Capital Town Public Slaughtery Street is now the final district of Indian Hill. Forever.

The crowd roars. The screen cuts to black.

The real VELVET KILLER steps out from behind the trailer in full regalia. Two Velvets roll out a black ladder and a single wooden chair.

SHERIFF AMELIA FLEMING - bound, gagged, defiant - is dragged from the trailer and forced into the chair. Velvets hoist the chair onto the trailer roof like a throne of death.

Velvet Killer climbs the ladder slowly, revolver gleaming. She fans a tarot deck and a poker deck in front of SHERIFF AMELIA FLEMING.

VELVET KILLER
Choose your ending, Sheriff.

SHERIFF AMELIA FLEMING spits out the gag, smirks, flips the MOON card and the 2 OF CLUBS.

Fireworks BOOM overhead, bathing everything in crimson and gold.

BANG. BANG.

Two shots. SHERIFF AMELIA FLEMING slumps. Blood drips off the trailer edge. The crowd explodes in applause.

Then - WHOOSH.

A glowing domino-tile batarang slices the air, knocks Velvet Killer's hat clean off her head. It spins into the crowd.

THE ILLUSIONIST stands atop a streetlamp in her black-lit suit, cape snapping.

THE ILLUSIONIST
Enough. No more cowboy bullshit in Indian Hill. Tonight it ends.

Velvet Killer’s smile vanishes.

VELVET KILLER
You’ll regret that, domino girl.

Velvets swarm, shielding Velvet Killer, hustling her back into the truck. Hooves thunder. The black truck tears away, LED screen flickering off.

Silence for half a heartbeat.

Then the street erupts again - six distinct war-cries.

THE NEW VELVETS step out of the shadows, surrounding The Illusionist from every direction.

THE ENDERS on horseback, swords drawn.

THE ARTISTS in cowgirl-dealer black-and-red vests, revolvers spinning on fingers.

THE AMUSERS in snarling wolf masks, bats over shoulders, voodoo dolls swinging.

THE PRIESTS in orange jumpsuits, hockey masks, chains rattling and long rifles slung.

THE ENTERTAINERS with grinning clown paint and lit Molotovs.

THE JUSTICIARIES in red shirts, black bow-tie jackets, shotguns cocked.

The Illusionist’s eyes narrow.

She bolts.

Six factions charge after her into the night, boots, hooves, and chains pounding toward Square Park.

FADE OUT.

18: EXT. SQUARE PARK - NIGHT

FADE IN:

The golden statue of THE ILLUSIONIST towers over the park, now scarred with bullet holes and scorch marks. Sirens wail in the distance.

THE ILLUSIONIST stands in the center, breathing steady, black-lit suit glowing under the streetlamps.

THE ILLUSIONIST
Come on, small fries. Or should I say… cowboys chickens?

The six factions circle her like wolves.

THE JUSTICIARIES
(shotguns up)
Get her.

THE ARTISTS
(revolvers spinning)
You’re dead, Domino Lady.

THE ENDERS
(swords flashing)
You’ll be defeated so badly.

THE PRIESTS
(bibles open, chains rattling)
Your soul belongs in hell.

THE ENTERTAINERS
(Molotovs burning)
Death’s gonna be fun, just like Harleen Quinzel!

THE AMUSERS
(wolf masks, bats raised)
Let’s amaze Queen Velvet Killer… you’ll die like a cute little raccoon!

THE ILLUSIONIST
(smirking)
Bring it, bitches.

She explodes forward.

Gunfire erupts. Revolvers, long rifles, Molotovs, cursed bible-knives, flaming bottles, baseball bats, everything at once.

The Illusionist flips, slides, and ducks behind her own golden statue.

She scales a building wall in three leaps, then dives.

THE ILLUSIONIST
First Gear - ACTIVATE!

Her suit flashes purple. Power surges.

She lands in the middle of the chaos, fists and feet flying.

The Enders charge on horseback, swords slashing. She parries with forearms, kicks a horse's chest, sends rider flying.

THE ILLUSIONIST
Tried to be nice. You asked for it.
SPECIAL 6-2!

A domino tile (6-2) rips from her suit, morphs into a glowing white cane.

One swing - every revolver and long gun is ripped from The Justiciaries' and The Enders' hands and flung fifty yards away.

She spins the cane like a staff, cracking ribs and jaws. The Justiciaries and The Enders drop.

THE ILLUSIONIST
Upgrade!

The cane liquefies into a long glowing rope. She whips it around the two defeated factions, hog-tying them against a lamppost.

The Priests chant in tongues, hurling glowing scripture-knives. The Entertainers lob Molotovs and slash with Swiss blades.

The Illusionist cartwheels through the fire, snatches a Priest's bible mid-air, shreds it to confetti, and stomps the pieces into a sewer grate.

She grabs the Molotovs, crushes the bottles in her fists, and hurls the knives into the park fountain.

Front handspring off a horse spinning kick every Priest and Entertainer is down, arms shattered, groaning.

THE ILLUSIONIST
SPECIAL 5-6!

New tile (5-6) becomes a long domino-barreled rifle. She shoots each in the left leg - non-lethal, just enough to drop them screaming.

Upgrade again - rifle becomes a razor-sharp sword. She slices off hockey masks and clown paint in one clean arc, then cuffs the entire group with glowing domino handcuffs.

Sirens grow louder.

The Artists and The Amusers remain.

The Artists open fire with hidden backup revolvers. The Amusers charge laughing, bats and kendo sticks swinging.

THE ILLUSIONIST
SPECIAL 2-4!

Chainsaw domino roars to life. She slices every remaining gun in half, sparks flying.

Headbutts, elbows, knees. The Amusers drop unconscious, wolf masks cracked.

One Artist begs. Another tries a sneak attack.

Suplex wrench to the skull down.

THE ILLUSIONIST
SPECIAL 3-5!

Steel adjustable wrench materializes. She cracks the last masks, forces submissions with vicious arm-breakers.

Every single New Velvet lies tied, bleeding, or unconscious around the ruined golden statue.

IHPD floodlights sweep in.

THE ILLUSIONIST
Shit. Time to vanish.

She fires a grappling line into the night and swings away just as police cars screech to a halt. Officers pour out, cuffing the six defeated factions under the broken statue of their city’s hero.

FADE OUT.

19: EXT. VELVET KILLER COURT LOUANGE - DAY

FADE IN:

A cold wind whips across the vast marble plaza.

The perforated human statue (Equality) and the giant open Constitution book stand silent on either side of the grand staircase.

THE ILLUSIONIST steps into frame in her basic black domino-lit suit, cape fluttering.

She walks slowly, boots echoing, toward the towering gothic doors of the Court Louange.

She stops at the top step, looks up at the golden letters: VELVET KILLER COURT LOUANGE.

A single breath.

She pushes the massive doors open and disappears inside.

FADE OUT.

20: INT. VELVET KILLER COURT LOUANGE MAIN HALL COURT ROOM - DAY

FADE IN:

Grand portraits of red-haired cowgirls leer from gilded frames. A skylight pierces the vaulted ceiling, casting jagged shadows on the black marble floor etched with glowing runes. At the far end, a shattered throne looms.

THE ILLUSIONIST stands in her basic black domino-lit suit, eyes locked on the judge's bench.

VELVET KILLER sits there in black leather, cowgirl hat tipped low over vermilion hair, revolver and scattered tarot/poker cards on the desk.

She slams her hammer twice.

VELVET KILLER
Ok enough with causing me so much trouble and problems, it's time for your sanctionary I mean your death Domino Lady.

THE ILLUSIONIST
You will pay twice, one for putting a bounty on me, two for ruining my beloved lovely city "Indian Hill".

VELVET KILLER
Ha Ha we will see about that Domino Lady.

THE ILLUSIONIST
You will lose. And I will bring you to where exactly psychos should stay I mean true Psychos and crazy people and killers belong "INSANITY".

VELVET KILLER
Enough, I mean Silence.

Velvet Killer leaps from the bench, firing her revolver.

The Illusionist dodges with blinding speed.

Velvet Killer tosses a tarot card into the air, catches it.

VELVET KILLER
Nice Judgement Day card. Wait indeed it's your judgement day.

THE ILLUSIONIST
Sorry to deceive you but is not happening today. Ok Activates 2nd gear now.

Her suit shifts purple.

Velvet Killer unleashes punches and kicks.

The Illusionist blocks with combos.

Velvet Killer fires again.

The Illusionist parries with hands and arms.

Velvet Killer draws a poker card.

VELVET KILLER
Oh, look at this a 12 Clubs. Yay!!!! Time to put you Domino Lady to the test. Try to evade this.

THE ILLUSIONIST
No fair that is cheating already but fine bitch.

Velvet Killer fires 12 shots in wild patterns.

THE ILLUSIONIST
Fuck, you will pay for that.

Velvet Killer hooks a punch to her chest while her left leg bleeds from one hit.

The Illusionist spits blood but stands.

VELVET KILLER
Ha Ha you're no match for me bitch.

THE ILLUSIONIST
Yes, I’m. I will beat you and you will see.

THE ILLUSIONIST
Activate 6-1

A 6-1 domino tile morphs into a big sword.

She slashes forward.

Velvet Killer throws poker cards.

The Illusionist cuts them mid-air.

Velvet Killer shoots again.

THE ILLUSIONIST
Activate 1-3

A 1-3 tile becomes a jacket shield.

She advances, blocking shots.

Punches and kicks fly between them.

Velvet Killer palm strikes.

The Illusionist axe kicks back.

Velvet Killer stumbles but recovers.

THE ILLUSIONIST
I've must admit you're a resilient bitch.

VELVET KILLER
You didn't see nothing yet HA HA.

Velvet Killer pummels with fists and feet.

The Illusionist counters desperately.

VELVET KILLER
Ha Ha, I've told you you're not match for me.

THE ILLUSIONIST
I still come back in this fight even that means I'm fighting you right now without weapons and you will pay for that.

Velvet Killer draws poker and tarot cards.

VELVET KILLER
Ha Ha, Oh look it's 7 hearts card and the devil card mmm interesting I think I'm going to become the hero here by killing you.
(MORE)

VELVET KILLER (CONT'D)
Oh, the scenario I assume you don’t want to pick well then, I will pick it for you and you should be grateful for me.

She fires 7 shots at her heart.

THE ILLUSIONIST
Sorry to break it to you but I’m not dying here bitch.

The Illusionist jumps agilely, evading.

She attacks anew.

Velvet Killer matches rhythm.

The Illusionist ramps up speed.

Velvet Killer grabs her revolver again.

The Illusionist grabs her arm, punches it five times, hurls the gun away.

Velvet Killer slashes with a card.

The Illusionist chokes her with a rear naked choke.

Velvet Killer bites her arm to escape.

VELVET KILLER
You won’t kill me and you will see.

THE ILLUSIONIST
You’re just cheating but fine I will end you like the way you want.

Velvet Killer lower punches (Gedan Tsuki).

The Illusionist locks a Kimura.

Velvet Killer weakens.

She escapes with another cheat.

The Illusionist headbutts her frontal skull.

Velvet Killer collapses, dead for 5 minutes.

THE ILLUSIONIST
I have told you bitch but you didn’t want to listen. Wait WTF, what is this.

Red blood-dust storm engulfs the hall.

Velvet Killer revives, invisible, teleporting through mirrors - only her face flickering in reflections.

VELVET KILLER
Ha Ha Ha, I guess I’m alive wait what is this I feel kind of new energy, a new thing inside me. Perfect it’s time for what I love to call face inferno abyss hellish battle be ready Domino Lady to die Ha Ha Ha, it's bye bye time for you for sure this time. Oh yeah roll and kill.

She shoots and throw cards from mirrors.

The Illusionist dodges desperately.

System reboots to 100%.

Golden Gear activates - suit turns black-gold with lightning.

VELVET KILLER
Wait why she stops. Oh! I see she is getting a new power too Great this is going to be so much fun.

THE ILLUSIONIST
Nice now I can fight better yes, I can feel it. Which means now it will be over for you

She evades magnificently.

THE ILLUSIONIST
Activate 5-5

5-5 tile becomes Domino Magical Square Cube Shield.

Blocks all shots and cards.

VELVET KILLER
Mmm nice toys but what I’m seeing here is not fighting me you just keep make your death longer.

THE ILLUSIONIST
Don’t get ahead of yourself and I’m winning here and you will see… (Whispering) still she is right I need to find her weakness to win here.
(MORE)

THE ILLUSIONIST (CONT'D)
Ok found it I need to be calm like they say any bullet is a voice right yeah. She can’t get moving that fast from one mirror to another just like that I’m sure there is a trick for that. That’s right I’m going to listen to all voices here and try find her it’s like echo thing. Any voice always will be heard apart from the others.

She focuses - Echo Color Supreme: golden anime-style echoes and floating symbols pinpoint Velvet Killer.

THE ILLUSIONIST
Activate 4-6

4-6 tile becomes Domino Rocks Cutters Knives Batarangs.

She hurls them, shattering all mirrors.

Velvet Killer materializes, exposed but firing.

THE ILLUSIONIST
Activate 6-1

6-1 tile becomes Domino Long Nail Gun.

She shoots nails toward her.

VELVET KILLER
Oh fuck, crap.

Velvet Killer keeps shooting.

THE ILLUSIONIST
Activate 5-2

5-2 tile becomes Domino Long Axe Escalating Gun.

She fires while leaping, evading a super kick.

Gun empties - she hooks it to the wall as grapple.

THE ILLUSIONIST
Activate 5-1

5-1 tile becomes Domino Nunchaku.

Whirls it to counter.

Velvet Killer falls.

VELVET KILLER
Ok you're one hard to beat but sorry I need to kill you.

She pulls a hidden gun, shoots.

THE ILLUSIONIST
Nope not this time. Activate 1-6 and 0-6

1-6 becomes Domino Bulletproof Vest; 0-6 becomes Domino Carabiner Rope.

Rope lassos Velvet Killer; vest blocks shots.

Velvet Killer cheats with another desperate punch.

VELVET KILLER
Here goes nothing bitch.

THE ILLUSIONIST
Activate 4-5

4-5 tile becomes Domino Steel Post Ruler Bat.

Counters the punch.

Velvet Killer reels in pain.

VELVET KILLER
Aw, Ouch bitch. You’re no fair.

THE ILLUSIONIST
Ha Ha, looks who is talking about fair fight. Just dig it slut.

Velvet Killer does a front super kick.

The Illusionist evades with 180° aerial twist, dropping the gun.

Velvet Killer attacks again.

THE ILLUSIONIST
Activate 6-4

6-4 tile becomes Domino Marbles Bombs.

Throws them - explosions rock the hall.

Both survive, fight on.

Velvet Killer's gun shatters.

She punches desperately.

The Illusionist counters with bat.

Velvet Killer feels pain but fights.

She super kicks.

The Illusionist evades.

Velvet Killer keeps coming.

She fails.

The Illusionist gets victorious.

Velvet Killer defeated, immobile.

Magic domino cuffs thrown on her.

Velvet Killer admits defeat.

The Illusionist hauls her to INSANITY, locking her in a new cell beside Doctor Toxine.

FADE OUT.

THE END

TITLE CARD: Indian Hill : The City of Darkness and Evil : Velvet Killer vs The Illusionist

ROLL CREDITS.

POST-CREDIT SCENE

EXT. INSANITY ASYLUM BUILDING - NIGHT

Heavy rain pours down in sheets. The gothic façade of INSANITY glows dimly under the flickering red neon sign. Two statues stand motionless in the fog: a depressed man on the left, a crazed figure on the right. Barbed wire glistens wetly.

A tall man in a crisp grey suit and matching fedora emerges from the downpour, carrying a heavy black briefcase.

Doctor Marco Weird (late 50s, white coat faintly stained with old blood, calm and calculating eyes) waits at the iron gate. He stands on the left side of frame.

The man in grey approaches without a word and extends the briefcase.

Doctor Marco Weird accepts it, snaps the latches open just enough to reveal the contents: neatly stacked banknotes in tight bundles and several gold lingots gleaming under the gate light.

He closes it with a soft, satisfied click.

DOCTOR MARCO WEIRD
(quiet, almost amused)
Perfect. Tell them the arrangement stands. The patients will get... exactly what they deserve.

The man in grey tips his hat once, turns, and melts back into the rain without reply.

Doctor Marco Weird looks at the briefcase for a long moment, then up at the glowing “INSANITY” sign. A thin, predatory smile crosses his face.

He turns and walks through the gates. They clang shut behind him.

FADE TO BLACK.